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STRICKEN SAN FRANCISCO. The double blow which has fallen on San Francisco adds a double horror to its misfortune. In combined destruction of life and property the diraster must rank at the head of calamities to American cities.

The ruin wrought by the earthquake alone is vastly greater than that at Charleston, where the property loss was under \$8,000,000, and the number of fatalities but 41.

To this tragic distinction is joined that of contributing another to the world's great fires. Not only is the \$50,000,000 loss at Baltimore exceeded, Boston figures are multiplied twice over. In that event only Chicago will have suffered a comparable devastation by fire and Galveston a greater human sacrifice.

Viewed as earthquake phenomena the San Francisco shocks are important as being the worst recorded seismic disturbances in this hemisphere above the tropics. By comparison with the Lisbon earthquake, which killed 50,000, the Sicilian shocks of 1693, which destroyed fifty-four cities and 100,000 lives, or the Japanese disturbances of 1891, involving the destruction of 50,000 homes and the loss of 4,000 lives, they are of relatively minor extent. The recent Calabrian and Indian shocks desolated a wider

In the popular mind they will inevitably be traced to the eruption of Vesuvius. Scientists scout the connection. But is it merely by coincidence that Vesuvius was also in eruption during the world-wide disturbances of 1903, that Shasta and Pelee were active at the time of the earthquake in India, and that the earthquakes in the Sunda Straits followed the eruption of Krakatoa?

What has the effect of the shock been on the skyscraper? It underwent the test of fire at Baltimore; how it has withstood the violent three-minute oscillation to which it was exposed yesterday is of interest to all builders.

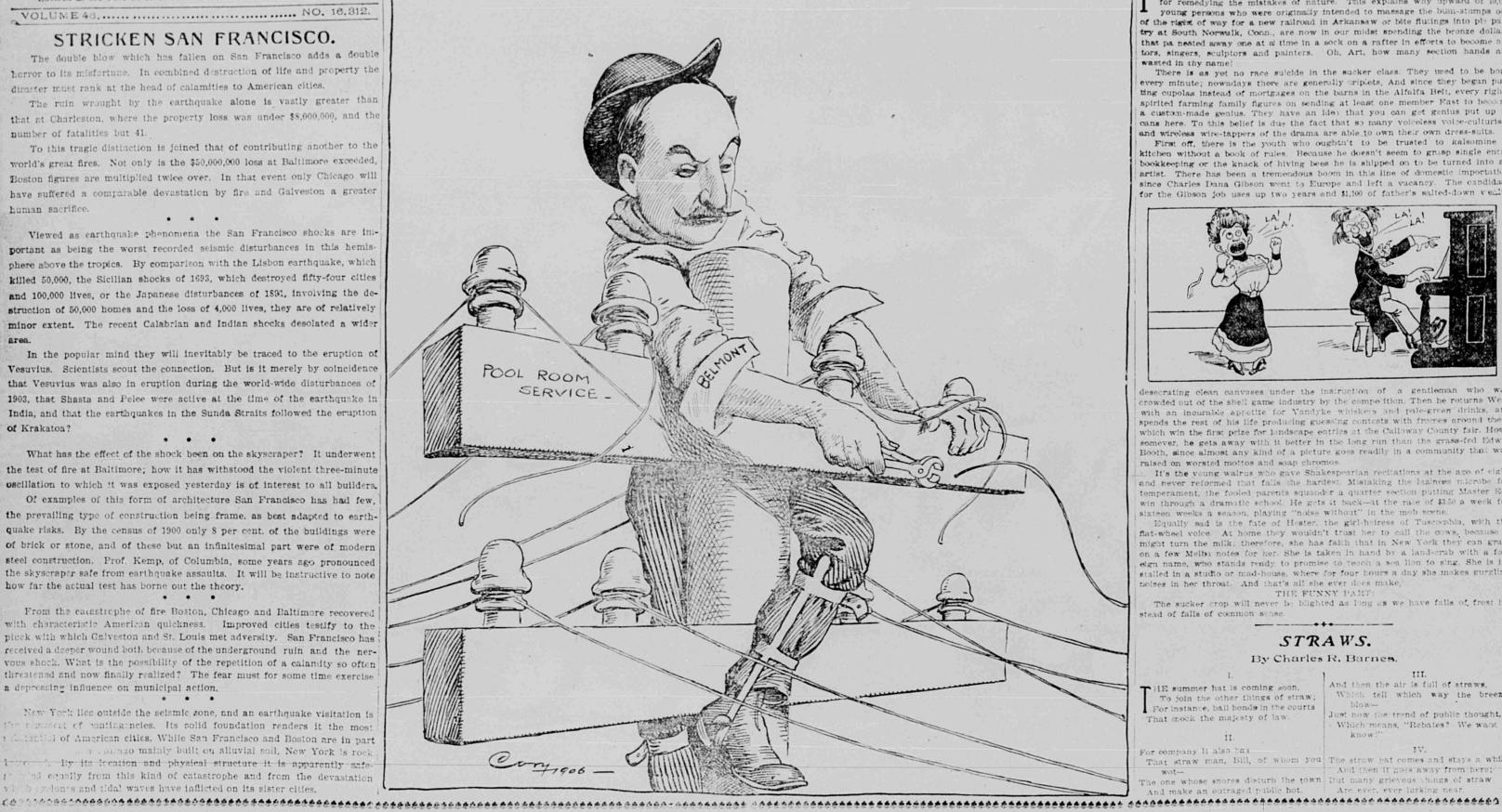
Of examples of this form of architecture San Francisco has had few, the prevailing type of construction being frame, as best adapted to earthquake risks. By the census of 1900 only 8 per cent. of the buildings were of brick or stone, and of these but an infinitesimal part were of modern steel construction. Prof. Kemp, of Columbia, some years ago pronounced the skyscraper safe from earthquake assaults. It will be instructive to note how far the actual test has borne out the theory.

From the catastrophe of fire Boston, Chicago and Baltimore recovered with characteristic American quickness. Improved cities testify to the pluck with which Galveston and St. Louis met adversity. San Francisco has received a deeper wound both because of the underground ruin and the neryous shock. What is the possibility of the repetition of a calamity so often threatened and now finally realized? The fear must for some time exercise a depressing influence on municipal action.

New York lies outside the seismic zone, and an earthquake visitation is remarked of contingencies. Its solid foundation renders it the most t ab tant'al of American cities. While San Francisco and Boston are in part mago mainly built on alluvial soil, New York is rock. by its location and physical structure it is apparently safe-1 and equally from this kind of catastrophe and from the devastation gelones and tidal waves have inflicted on its sister cities.

The Wire-Cutter.

By J. Campbell Cory.



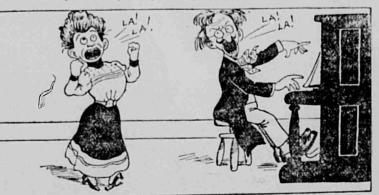
NEW YORK THRO' FUNNY GLASSES

By Irvin S. Cobb.

N parts of our beloved country the belief prevails that New York is a place for remedying the mistakes of nature. This explains why upward of 10,000 young persons who were originally intended to massage the bum-stumps out of the right of way for a new railroad in Arkansaw or bite flutings into pla pastry at South Norwalk, Conn., are now in our midst spending the bronze dollars that pa nested away one at a time in a sock on a rafter in efforts to become actors, singers, sculptors and painters. Oh, Art, how many section hands are

There is as yet no race suicide in the sucker class. They used to be born every minute; nowadays there are generally triplets. And since they began putting cupolas instead of mortgages on the barns in the Alfalfa Belt, every rightspirited farming family figures on sending at least one member East to become a custom-made genius. They have an idea that you can get genius put up in cans here. To this belief is due the fact that so many voiceless voice-culturists and wireless wire-tappers of the drama are able to own their own dress-sults.

First off, there is the youth who oughtn't to be trusted to kalsomine a kitchen without a book of rules. Because he doesn't seem to grasp single entry bookkeeping or the knack of hiving bees he is shipped on to be turned into an artist. There has been a tremendous boom in this line of domestic importation since Charles Dana Gibson went to Europe and left a vacancy. The candidate for the Gibson job uses up two years and \$1,100 of father's salted-down wealth



desecrating clean canvases under the instruction of a gentleman who was crowded out of the shell game industry by the composition. Then he returns West with an incurable appetite for Vandyke whiskers and pale-green drinks, and spends the rest of his life producing guessing contests with frames around them which win the first prize for landscape entries at the Calloway County fair. Howsomever, he gets away with it better in the long run than the grass-fed Edwin Booth, since almost any kind of a picture goes readily in a community that was raised on worsted mottos and soap chromos.

It's the young walrus who gave Shakespearian recliations at the age of eight and never reformed that falls the hardest. Mistaking the laziness microbe for temperament, the fooled parents squander a quarter section putting Master Eq-win through a dramatic school. He gets it back—at the rate of \$3.50 a week for sixteen weeks a season, playing "noise without" in the mob scene.

Equally sad is the fate of Hester, the girl-heiress of Tuscombia, with the flat-wheel voice. At home they wouldn't trust her to call the cows, because it might turn the milk; therefore, she has faith that in New York they can graft on a few Melba notes for her. She is taken in hand by a land-crab with a foreign name, who stands ready to promise to teach a sea lion to sing. She is installed in a studio or mad-house, where for four hours a day she makes gurgling noises in her throat. And that's all she ever does make,

THE FUNNY PART: The sucker crop will never be blighted as long as we have falls of, frost instead of falls of common sense.

STRAWS.

By Charles R. Barnes.

And then the air is full of straws, THE summer hat is coming soon, To join the other things of straw;

blow-For instance, ball bonds in the courts That mock the majesty of law.

For company it also bus

by Bertha Rumk

And make an outraged public hot.

Just now the trend of public thought, Which means, "Rebates? We want to

Which tell which way the breezes

That straw man, Bill, of whom you The straw hat comes and stays a while, And then it goes away from here; The one whose snores disturb the town But many grievous things of straw

CHAPTER XV.

My Lord Mayenne.

hoarsely.

Mayenne laughed.

"You are very young, Paul."

and I am ruined by a treak of late "I never knew a failure yet but what the fault was fates," Mayenne returned.
"Call it accident, then; call it the devil, call it

what you like!" Lucas tricu. 'I still maintain it

come to Paris. Mayenne's nephew, Paul de Lorraine, tres to make Mar assausinate St. Quentin. Mar and Paul both love Lorance de Montiue, Mayenne's ward. Mayenne has promised her to Paul 6f the latter can get St. Quentin Killed. Mar schafe Felix with a message to Lorance at Mayenne's palace. The lad is arrested and locked in the palace oratory. There Lorance comes to him to speak of Mar. While they are talking Paul and Mayenne enter the adjoining room. Felix and Lorance overhear their talk. The two men quarrel violently over Paul's failure in the St. Quentin affair.

"You may go to Lorence of St. Comments of Mar. While they are talking Paul and Mayenne enter the adjoining room. Felix and Lorance overhear their talk. The two men quarrel violently over Paul's failure in the St. Quentin affair. You may go to Lorance with that question, (Copyright, 1900-1901, by The Century Co. All Rights Re-

Mayenne answered; "I have something else to attend to than the intrigues of my wife's maids." "He started hither; I thought some one would have the sense to keep him. Mordieu! I will find from Lorance whether she saw him."

(Continued.)

145 O it is not enough for you to possess the fair body of Lorance; you must also have her love?"

15 I could see that his thought had travelled away from the plot to the sore subject of mademoiselie's affections.

16 Well," said Mayenne sharply, "what about your

"She will love me," Lucas answered uneasily. boy?" "It is not worth your fret," Mayenne declared.
"If she did how long would it last? Souvent femme varie—that is the only fixed fact about her. If Lorance loves Mar to-day she will love some shouted at each other as if there was no one with the control of the con one else to-morrow, and some one else still the day after to-morrow. It is not worth while disturbing yourself about it."

in a mile. I guessed that Luces, for all his bradeny after to-morrow. It is not worth while disturbing yourself about it." "She will not love any one else," Lucas said then, monsieur's, M. Etienne's, Grammont's, but the hero of the tale was myself.

"You let him to the duke?" Mayenne cried pres-

"She shall not love any one else! By the throne At the harsh censure of his voice Lucas's rang

of heaven, she shall not!"

Mayenne went on laughit. If Lucas had for the moment teased him out of his equanimity the duke had paid back the score a hundredfold. Lucas's face was seared with his passions as with couldn't keep him out."

At the harsh censure of his voice Eucas's rang out with the old defiance:

"With Vigo at his back I dill. Sangdieu! you have yet to make the acquaintance of St. Quentin's equerry. A regiment of your lansqueness couldn't keep him out."

the torture iron; he clinched his hands together.
breathing hard. On my side of the door I heard
a sharp little sound in the darkness; mademoiand then opening them.
"Does he never take wine?" Mayenne asked
lifting his hand with shut fingers over the table

selle had gritted her teeth.

"It is a little early to swear over the matter."

Mayenne said, "since mademoiselle is not your was not so easy to do, alone in my enemy's house wife nor ever likely to become so."
"You refuse her to me?" Lucas cried, livid. I me on the wheel." when at the least suspicion of me they had broke

thought he would leap over the table at one bound on Mayenne. It occurred to the duke to take up his dagger.

"I promise her to nie?" Lucas cried, livid. I me on the wheel."

"That is the rub!" Mayenne cried violently.

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"I suppose so. He had his flogging, but I told more of the safety of your own skine than of accomplishing your work. Mordieu! where should as an eyelid till Lucas told of M. is Duc's deparmant mandaling.

"I promise her to you when you kill me St.

Quentin. And you have not idlied me St. Quentin, but instead come alrily to tell me the selection of the safety of your own skine than of accomplishing your work. Mordieu! where should as an eyelid till Lucas told of M. is Duc's deparmant mandaling.

"Allve?"

"I suppose so. He had his flogging, but I told the first of the trouble with all of you. You think more of the safety of your own skine than of accomplishing your work. Mordieu! where should as an eyelid till Lucas told of M. is Duc's deparmant mandaling.

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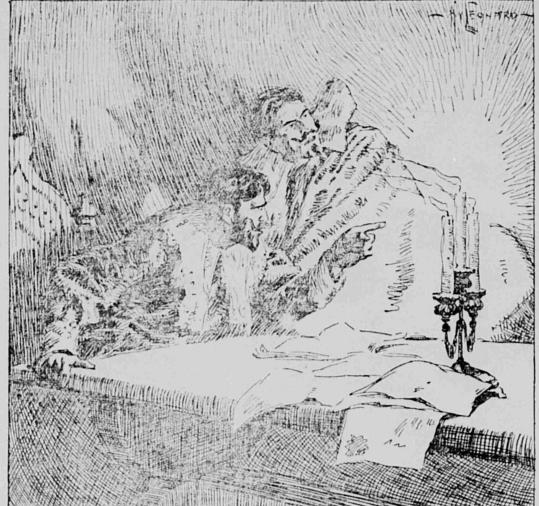
"I suppose so. He had his flogging, but I told the first is the rub!" so to done with him. I thought we more of the safety of your own skine than of accomplishing your work. Mordieu! where should as an eyelid till Lucas told of M. is Duc's deparmant mandaling."

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"I suppose so. He had his flogging, but I told the first is the rub!" so the first is the rub!" so to done with him. I thought we man believed in no man's good faith, as no the first is the rub!" so to done with him. I though

Question. And you have not killed me St. Question.

The your will be a selected the property of the property o



at the inn. The boy went back once and almost ran into me in the court, but he did not see me. I swered. "I was here first, as you see. Your presfull. I said I would take a garret; but it was no but burned him with her indignant eyes. use. Out I must trudge. I did, and paid two men to get into a brawl in front of the house, that the Mile. de Montluc." inn people might run out to look. they locked the gate and put up the shutters in

the cabaret." Mayenne burst out laughing.

"It was not your night, Paul." "No " said Lucas shortly.

o'clock to be put out of the inn."
"No," Lucas answered; "I spoke to you of the variet Pontou with whom Grammont had quarrelied. He had shut him up in a closet of the house in the Rue Coupejarrets. After the fight in the court we all went our ways, forgetting him. lessness, one separating from the other like oil So I paid the house a visit; I was afraid some one and vinegar in a sloven's salad. He could plan else might find him and he might tell tales."

And will he tell tales?" 'No," said Lucas, "he will tell no tales." 'How about your spy in the Hotel St. Quentin?"

"Martin, the clerk? Oh, I warned him off be-fore I left," Lucas said easily. "He will lie perdu till we want him again. And Grammont, you see, is dead too. There is no direct witness to the thing but the boy Broux."

Tor my sins, monsieur," she answered quickly, "I am grieved most bitterly to have been the means of bringing this lad into danger. Since Paul cozened me into doing what

"That's as good as to say there is none," Mayonne answered, "for I have the boy."

CHAPTER XVI. Mayenne's Ward.

Lucas sprang up. "You have him? Where?" 'Yes, I have him," Mayenne answered with his ntalizing slowness.

made monsieur's own son my cat's-paw. I have Lucas went on, Mayenne listening quietly, with ing over the motto of the house of Lorraine. For Mar's old lodgings at the Three Lanterns. When was as white as linen, but she lifted her head '

worked upon Lorance to write Mar a letter com- fear, but, she had the courage that rises to the manding his presence. For I thought that the need. Crouching on the oratory floor she had maining his presence. For I thought that the night was yet young and to-morrow he might be out of my reach. Well, it appears he had not the courage to come, but he sent the boy. I was not "You spying here, Lorance!" Mayenne stormed

entered and asked for lodgings, but the fat old ence was as unlooked for by me as mine by you fool of a host put me through the catechism like an inquisitor, and finally declared the inn was flags to her pale cheeks; she made him no answer, "Mordieu, monsieur!" Lucas cried. "This is

"Then why did you come?" demanded Mayenne.

"Because I had done harm to the lad and was sorry," she said. "You defend me now, Paul, but you did not hesitate to make a tool of me in your cowardly schemes."

"It was kindly meant, mademoiselle," Lucas re-'And what then? It did not take you till 3 torted. "Since I shall kill M. le Comte de Mar in any case I thought it would pleasure you to have a word with him first."

I think it did not need the look she gave him to

and toll and wait, to an end, with skill and forti-tude and patience, but he could not govern his own gusty tempers. "You have been crying, Lorance," Mayenne said in a softer tone.

Paul cozened me into doing what I did not understand, and since this is not the man you wanted, but only his servant, will you not let him go

"Why, my pretty Lorance, I did not mean to harm him," Mayenne protested, smiling. "I had him flogged for his insolence to you; I thought you would thank me for it."

"I am never glad over a flogging, monsieur,"
"Then why not speak? A word from you and !t

She flushed red for very shame "I was afraid-I knew you vexed with me," she

faltered. "Oh, I have done ill!" She turned to me, silently imploring forgiveness. There was no need to ask.

"Then you will let him so, monsieur? Alack that I Ad not speak before! Thank you, my

"Of what did you suspect me? The boy was whipped for a bit of impertinence to you; I had

My heart leaped up: at the same time I scorned myself for a craven that I had been overcome by groundless terror.
"Then I have been a goose so to disturb my-

mademoiselle laughed out in relief. "You do well to rebuke me, cousin. I shall never med-

"That will be wise of you." Mayenne returned, "For I did mean to let the boy so. But since you have opened his door and let him hear what he should not I have no choice but to slience him. "Monsieur!" she gasped, cowering as from a

"Ave." he said culet'v. "I would have let him

Never have I seen so niteous a sight as her face of misery. Had my hands been free Mavenne had